

NOW TARIFF HURTS.

COTTONSEED MEN EXPECT DISCRIMINATION AGAINST AMERICAN OIL.

State Department Calls Attention to Antagonistic Attitude in Expectation That France May Reconsider Determination.

Washington, Nov. 16.—The American cotton oil interests are greatly perturbed over the prospect that the French parliament will enact legislation greatly increasing the duty on cottonseed oil, which is almost exclusively an American product. The American Cotton Oil company has taken the matter up with the state department, representing that the French export tariff commission has already recommended to the parliament that this action be taken and that the parliament seems greatly inclined to favor this course.

According to information received here the plan of the French government is greatly to increase both its maximum and minimum rates the producers in this country would still be confronted with a practically prohibitive rate. In any event, the duty would be so high as practically to prevent the competition of American cottonseed oil with peanut and other similar oils largely produced in the French colonies.

In view of the representations the state department has been obliged to call attention of the French government to this discriminatory attitude, in the expectation that the French government may reconsider its purpose.

The state department has also been obliged to make vigorous representations to the government of Roumania, which it is learned proposes to assess a double duty on American agricultural machinery coming direct from the United States.

Just what the purpose of the Roumanian government is in thus discriminating against American machinery is not well understood here.

The Auctioneer's Hourglass.

An auctioneer of Philadelphia collects all sorts of objects pertaining to his ancient calling. He has, among other things, an interesting set of auctioneer's hourglasses. The auctioneer a century or so ago concluded a sale not by saying "Going, going, gone!" and rapping the counter with his hammer, but it was his better method to turn up a free running glass toward the end of the bidding and to end the sale irrevocably when the sand ran out. This saved confusion and dispute. The auctioneer's glasses in the Philadelphia collection are picturesque. One is of tortoise shell and mother-of-pearl. Another is of amber and gold. A third is of teak and ivory.

Appropriate.

A clergyman went to have his teeth fixed by a dentist. When the work was done the dentist declined to accept more than a nominal fee. The parson, in return for this favor, insisted later on the dentist accepting a volume of the reverend gentleman's own writing. It was a disquisition on the Psalms, and on the fly leaf he had inscribed this appropriate quotation: "And my mouth shall show forth thy praise."—Harper's Weekly.

Gave Him a Pointer.

George Ade was once stranded in a small town. He went into the barber's shop to get shaved and endured even unto the end. When the barber had completed his operation the humorist arose and, putting a handkerchief to his face, said gravely: "Sir, you have missed your vocation. You ought to be an oyster opener."

Restaurant Affiliation.

The waiter in the light lunch cafe looked expectantly at the first of five men who had just entered. "Bring me a coffee cake and a cup of coffee," ordered the first man. "I'll take some milk biscuit and a glass of milk," said the second. "Tea buns and a cup of tea, please," remarked the third. "A piece of cocoanut pie and a cup of cocoa," said the fourth. The waiter passed on to the fifth man. "Don't say it, don't say it!" he pleaded. "I know what you want. You want a slice of chocolate cake and a cup of chocolate." "No; I do not," protested the fifth man. "I want a plate of ice cream and a glass of ice water."—Judge's Library.

A Subtle Hint.

A representative in congress, who is the father of several bright girls, tells a story whereof one daughter is the main figure. "For a long time," says the representative, "I had the bad habit of hanging about the lower floor when the girls had men callers. One evening I had settled in an easy chair in the reception room just off the drawing room when one of my girls, who was talking to a bright chap from our own state, called out: "Dad?" "What is it, daughter?" "It's 9 o'clock, the hour when Tom and I usually go into committee."—Harper's Weekly.

Maybank & Co., cotton exporters of Charleston, will largely extend their docks to take care of their growing business.

GOT HIM CHEAP.

The Way a Famous Surgeon Was Once Cleverly Tricked.

Sir Morel Mackenzie once received a wire from Antwerp asking him his charges for a certain operation. He replied £500 and was told to come at once. When he stepped upon the dock he was met by three men in mourning, who informed him sadly that he had come too late, the patient had died.

"But," said the spokesman of the party, "we shall pay you your full fee." And they did. "And now," said the man, "since you are here, what do you say to visiting the city hospital and giving a clinic for the benefit of our local surgeons? It is not often they have an opportunity of benefiting by such science as yours."

Sir Morel said he would gladly comply. He went to the hospital and performed many operations, among which were two of a similar nature to that for which he had been called for. When he had finished all thanked him profusely. On the steamer going home he met a friend, who had a business house in Antwerp.

"Pretty scurvy trick they played on you, Sir Morel."

"What do you mean?" asked the surgeon.

"Told you the patient died before you arrived, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"Lies. You operated on him and a friend with the same trouble at the clinic. Got two operations for one price."

A Study in Anatomy.

The brain is the headquarters of the nervous system and contains the central offices of the Anatomical Telephone company.

When the suburban nerve center says, "Hello, central," the brain either replies "What number?" or "Busy" or "Out of order," as the case may be.

Sometimes the wires are crossed and the company fails to declare any dividends, thus placing the entire brain in the hands of a receiver.

From the brain issues the spine, which is sometimes useful in matrimony, although rarely strong enough in man for practical purposes and constantly growing weaker the longer he is married.

On top of the head the hair grows, or is supposed to. In some cases, however, it fails to grow despite the most painstaking efforts.

In ladies there are two kinds of hair—viz, the imported and domestic. In gentlemen also two kinds—namely, permanent and transient. The permanent is seen in wild men, the transient in civilized men when young.

At one time all the hairs were carefully numbered, but the practice has been discontinued owing to great pressure of other matters.—Lippincott's.

The Father Pipefish.

"The best of fathers is the pipefish," said an angler. "He hatches the little pipefish, and after they are hatched he carries them about with him till they can take care of themselves."

"This fish has under his tail a sac. In it he bears the pipefish spawn. Thus the spawn hatch in perfect safety. They are not decimated, like the other fish spawn lying unprotected on the bottom of the sea, by every hungry passerby. No; they all hatch, every one of them.

As soon as they hatch the father fish splits, or nature splits for him, the sac, and all the little fish drop out into the sea, but they cling to papa. Wherever he goes, like a gray cloud those thousands of tiny sons and daughters surround him, and on the approach of danger they pop back again into the sac just as baby kangaroos pop into the sac, or marsupial pouch, of their mamma.

"The male pipefish is, in fact, the female kangaroo of the sea."

Wills and Edmund Kean.

Iring used to tell with dramatic effect a story about W. G. Wills, the dramatist, who, among other services, wrote for him the play "Charles I." When Wills was a boy ten years old he was taken to see Edmund Kean play Macbeth. In the murder scene he was so affected by the realistic power of the actor that, seized with a severe attack of nausea, he hurried from the box. Ten years later he was lunching at a chop house in Fleet street when a man entered, sat down at a table near him and ordered a meal. He was a perfect stranger to Wills, who, after a few minutes' proquintly, was again seized with a fit of nausea, from which he had not suffered since as a boy he was at the theater on the occasion mentioned. He was obliged to leave the room. When some minutes later he paid his bill the waiter said to him: "Did you see that gentleman at the table near you? That's Edmund Kean."—H. W. Lucy in Cornhill Magazine.

Couldn't Fool Him.

A Morris River oysterman attended a band contest one winter night in Morris River. The contestants blew into their great horns as if to burst their lungs. The drummers banged their drums with might and main. Cheeks were red and round like apples. Eyes almost started from their sockets. The oysterman enjoyed it all. But his attention was distracted by a deaf old gentleman who in the pianissimo passages put a large silver trumpet to his ear. Whenever he did this the oysterman sneered. And at last his honest hatred of anything approaching sham overcame the man's reserve. He elbowed his way to the deaf old gentleman and said: "Look here; that don't go here. Everybody knows you can't play that with your ear. Put it away, mister. You can't fool us."—Los Angeles Times.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.—Shakespeare.

A BOWLING BRIDGE.

Probably Placed in Position by an Ancient Cloudburst.

One of the most remarkable freaks of wind and erosion known in the west is to be found in one of the smaller side canyons of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river in Arizona.

In a narrow gorge, carved through centuries of flow of water and wind driven sand down the little valley, there lies a huge boulder as big as the average house moving van seen on a city street. It is held up solely by friction on the sides of the gorge and is entirely free from any solid connection with the sides of the sandstone walls.

From the sandy bed of the little gorge to the rock is fully seventy-five feet. The Indians who once ranged over the Grand canyon country have, of course, legends to account for the location of the big round rock, but as a matter of fact it is believed to have rolled off the slope of a rocky and precipitous mountain about five miles distant from the canyon and to have been picked up in the path of some cloudburst years ago and rolled to its present resting place.

The stone hangs only by a small projection on each side, but it is so solid that it forms a convenient footbridge across the gorge over which the pedestrian may take his way.—Kansas City Journal.

WATERPROOF FABRICS.

There Are Several Methods by Which They Are Treated.

Fabrics are waterproofed by impregnating them with metallic salts, by coating them with oil, grease and wax, by coating them with india rubber or by treating them with ammoniacal solutions of copper. The first process is applied to sailcloth. The canvas is impregnated with alum or calcium acetate and then immersed in a fixing bath containing soap, which forms insoluble lime or alumina soap in the cloth.

The second process is used for raincoats, imitation leather, etc. The fabric passes between hot rollers and then over a cylinder of wax, etc.

In the third process a solution of india rubber in carbon disulphide, chloroform or other solvent is applied. This process is used for mackintoshes and bathing caps and is applied to thread.

In the fourth process, employed in the manufacture of bookbindings and Willesden canvas, cotton cloth is run through a solution of oxide of copper in ammonia, which dissolves the superficial layer and on evaporation leaves it in the form of a uniform coating of cellulose. The process is completed by passing the cloth between rollers. There are still other processes, but these are the most important.—Scientific American.

His Kindly Act.

In a Sunday school class recently the teacher sought to impress upon the small boys the virtue of kindly and helpful deeds.

"Now," said she, "let every boy here try to do some kindness during the week and next Sunday report what he did."

Next Sunday arrived, and the teacher proceeded to listen to stories of good deeds done. Finally she reached the smallest boy in the class. His age is nine.

"Well, Willie," she said, "have you done any kindness for any one, anything really helpful, during the week?"

"Yes'm."

"What was it?"

"I let another kid copy me 'rithmetic lesson off me book in school."

A Billion.

Great Britain clings to its own numerical system and regards a billion as a million times a million. But America differs, a billion in the United States being only a thousand millions. This is perhaps the only instance in which a thing is bigger in the old country than in the new. One has to go only a little way from England—to Calais—to find the billion lessened, for France dignifies a thousand millions with the name of billion. They are wasting a word in France in this connection, however, inasmuch as there is already a word, milliard, to designate this number.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Worked it Off.

Just what may happen to a man who isn't strictly honest was illustrated on a street car a few days ago. A man handed the conductor a dollar and asked for a strip of tickets. He received his five tickets, and then the conductor fumbled around for change and managed to make a "mistake." He handed the man two half dollars instead of 75 cents. The man put away the money without saying a word and in a couple of minutes worked his way to the front of the car and got off. "Say, conductor," said an interested observer, "did you know you didn't give that man the right change?" The conductor smiled complacently. "That's all right," he said. "If he'd been honest and returned that bad half dollar I'd have given him a good quarter for it. I've been trying to get rid of that piece of money for a week. I guess he deserved to get stung."—Philadelphia Record.

Llanos of Venezuela.

Venezuela received its musical name from the early Spanish residents, who saw a resemblance to Venice in the sites of the inland cities. The llanos, or bleak plains, on which the llaneros live a precarious life, have largely changed their character since Humboldt saw them. Then these great plains of grass supported innumerable herds of cattle, but civil war led to the destruction of the beasts to feed the insurgents. The llanos are now rapidly becoming a potential source of timber.

Proved His Theory, but Died.

The acme of realism was reached, though by accident, in a criminal trial a number of years ago at Lebanon, O. Two men had a personal encounter. One of them after vainly trying to draw his pistol from his hip pocket turned to flee. A moment later he fell, shot in the small of the back. One chamber of his pistol was found to have been fired. His assailant was tried for murder. The defense contended that the man had shot himself while trying to draw his pistol, which had become entangled in the lining of the pocket, and that the prisoner's shot had not taken effect. The prosecution contended that such a wound could not have been self inflicted. The defendant's counsel, Clement L. Vallandigham, undertook to demonstrate to the jury just how the dead man's pistol had hung in the pocket and just how possible it was to inflict such a wound. Suddenly there was a loud report, and the lawyer sank to the floor. The ball had entered the back almost in the identical spot where the dead man had been shot. The defendant was acquitted. Mr. Vallandigham died.—Exchange.

Westminster Abbey's Poets' Corner.

Turning from King Henry's chapel, with its wealth of fancy's "fairly frost work," to the poets' corner in Westminster abbey, we are attracted by a spell mightier than that of carven stones in the presence of those "serene creators of immortal things" who have enriched our literature with gifts beyond all price. This "glorious company of paupers," as they have been termed, says a writer in Great Thoughts, have won a fame in the glow of which that of statesmen and warriors wanes and perishes, "touched to death by diviner eyes." Drawn together, as it were, by the spell of Chaucer, "our first warbler," what Spenser calls "black oblivion's rust" has failed to tarnish their golden record. We move entranced amid the memorials of Drayton, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Milton, Gray, Addison and many more, including the impassioned peasant singer, Robert Burns, and the great Victorians, Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson.—London Standard.

Encouragement.

"I have a splitting headache," sighs the beautiful young thing.

"Have you ever tried magnetic healing?" asks the obliging young man.

"No. What is it?"

"You rest your head, thus, on my shoulder, and I pass my arm about your waist in this manner. Now be perfectly calm and see if this does not relieve you."

The position is maintained for five or ten minutes, and then the obliging young man asks:

"Does your head ache any more?"

"Ye-es."

"Well, I'm sorry I don't seem able to relieve you."

He is about to remove his arm when she looks up at him chidingly and says:

"It seems to me that if you have any confidence in your method you would be willing to keep on trying."—Chicago News.

Why She Shut Down.

"A charming gentleman about four years old used to pass my house every day on his way to kindergarten," said a lady, "and in course of time I made his acquaintance and gave a penny to him each morning when we parted."

"Eventually his mother requested me not to give any more money to him. The next morning I did not present the usual penny. He did not seem to notice the omission. The succeeding day when the penny was not given to him he said nothing. But on the morning of the third day when the penny was not forthcoming he sidled up to me and whispered: 'What's the matter? Ain't your husband working?'"

Uncertainty of Lion Hunting.

A lion is a fearful animal. Do not run away with the idea that he is not dangerous. You may have luck to kill twenty, but No. 21 will likely get you. However careful and good a shot you may be, there is the greatest danger in tackling a lion. I remember Colonel H., who had lived in Africa for nine years and during that time had never seen a lion, and the first lion he saw he wounded and got badly mauled, saying to me: "Here, man; you have been here only sixteen months and have killed five lions. Chuck it, man, while you are in luck. They are bound to get you if you go on hunting them."—Forest and Stream.

How Men and Women Face Death.

How do men and women face death when the sentence is pronounced by the doctor? A medical man tells us his experience. Tell the man of higher type and greater intelligence, he says, that he is facing death and he begins to fight, demands a consultation, talks about going to specialists and fights grimly to the finish. Tell a woman the same facts, and she lies back to await her fate. All women are fatalists. On the other hand, tell a man that he has one chance in a thousand to recover if he will undergo an operation, and he will trust to his own strength and endurance rather than undergo the knife. The woman will choose the thousandth chance and submit to the operation with astounding calmness.—Woman's Life.

A Present.

"That's a very fine purse you have, Henry."

"Yes. My wife gave it to me on my birthday."

"Indeed! Anything in it?"

"Yes; the bill for the purse."

One Exception.

The Husband (during the quarrel)—You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't? The Wife—Yes, sir; on my wedding day.

DUCK MILLS TO SLOW DOWN.

Consolidated Company Suspends Work Saturdays.

The mills of the Consolidated Cotton Duck Company, of Baltimore, have been ordered to shut down on Saturday of each week until further developments. The reduction of the weekly output of the mills is said to have been made necessary on account of the shortage of the cotton crop.

Mr. David H. Carroll, vice-president and secretary of the Consolidated Cotton Duck Company, of this city, said yesterday that his company was not acting in concert with the companies of New England and the South, but from the same principles. "The demand for cotton goods," he said, "has fallen off since the latest rise in prices. The shortage in this year's crop is estimated at 3,000,000 bales, and the speculators in New York and New Orleans and the farmers themselves will not let the prices drop. So we have to cut the coat to fit the cloth and materially reduce our output per week. If we continue the present rate of production it is probable that we would have to shut down next summer, throw our employes out of employment and break up the organization. So the company thought it better to reduce the hours of running the mills now, which will enable us to run all the year and keep our employes at work at fair wages."—Baltimore Sun.

Punishment and Crime.

"She seems to be having a pretty good time now that she and her husband are separated," whispered the three girls in the corner as she entered the room.

"I don't blame her," said one. "He beat her, didn't he?"

"They looked her over again."

"Well, I don't blame him for beating her," the third declared, "if she dressed like that. That red is awful."—Exchange.

Cause For Regret.

"I licked the stuffin' out o' Dick Smith this mornin'."

"You bad boy! Aren't you sorry for it?"

"Yessum—awful sorry. I jest found out that he's goin' ter have a birthday party tomorrow."—Cleveland Leader.

It is to Smile.

In walking through a train a smile always relieves the tension of the moment, even if it is the train of your hostess' best dinner gown.

A smile is frequently used to conceal a vacuum. If it is a broad smile, however, it defeats its purpose.

If your newly married friends insist upon your holding the baby, grab the infant firmly by the back of the neck and smile. The parents will remove the child at once.

If your dinner partner is talking over your head, smile. He will probably grow uncomfortable immediately and change the subject.

If your rival appears to be cutting you out with the only girl, smile. This will rouse her suspicions at once, and she will devote the rest of her time trying to find out who "that girl" is.

A smile is a handy thing to have round, even when it is as broad as it is long. It may square a long standing grievance.—Puck.

Modest Dan Hayes.

An old playbill of the Kilkeny Theater Royal for May 14, 1793, was a few years ago reprinted in the Western (England) Mail, and the following is an extract from it:

"The tragedy of 'Hamlet,' originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes of Limerick and inserted in Shakespeare's works."

The playbill concludes with the interesting notice that "no person whatsoever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings." It is probable that this Irish claimant to the honor of the authorship of "Hamlet" is not so well known as his astounding claim might warrant.

The March of the Caravan.

Perhaps the weirdest and most impressive of the many unwonted memories that the traveler carries away with him from travel in the east is the recollection of the camel caravans which he has encountered at night. Out of the black darkness is heard the distant boom of a heavy bell. Mournfully and with perfect regularity of iteration it sounds, gradually swelling nearer and louder and perhaps mingling with the tones of smaller bells signaling the rear guard of the same caravan. The big bell is the insignia and alarm of the leading camel alone. But, nearer and louder as the sound becomes, not another sound and not a visible object appears to accompany it. Suddenly and without the slightest warning there looms out of the darkness, like the apparition of a phantom ship, the form of the captain of the caravan. His spongy tread sounds softly on the smooth sand, and like a great string of linked ghouls the silent procession stalks by and is swallowed up in the night.—"Persia and the Persian Question."

STATE PROHIBITION SATISFACTORY.

North Carolina Executive Committee Of League so Declares at Raleigh.

Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 15.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the North Carolina Anti-Saloon League this evening, Clarence H. Poe declined re-election as chairman on account of the pressure of other business, and a committee consisting of Rev. J. O. Atkinson, Elon College, Josephus Daniels and Mr. Poe were appointed to nominate his successor later.

Resolutions were adopted declaring that prohibition in North Carolina has justified the confidence of the people of the State in its adoption; that citizens are anxious only for a thorough enforcement of the law and rest from further agitation, that, therefore, it is the sense of the executive committee that the need of the State is simply to keep intact the policy of State prohibition with the proper enforcement by officials and that if the rights of municipalities to regulate the near beer evil is not interfered with by adverse decisions of the courts, no further legislation or political agitation of the temperance question should be necessary, the policy being simply to hold and enforce the present State law and retain for municipalities the right to regulate the near beer problem. The committee report advises from all parts of the State indicating a gratifying condition of temperance sentiment and a greater success for the prohibition movement than ever its friends had anticipated.

Death at Pinewood.

Pinewood, Nov. 16.—Mrs. A. P. Ragan died Saturday, about 11 o'clock, after several weeks' illness. She was a member of the Methodist church, and lived a quiet home life, which was devoted almost exclusively to her husband and children, by whom she will be very much missed.

Mrs. Ragan is survived by her husband and the following children: Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Misses Abbie and Nora Ragan, and Able, Preston and Marshall Ragan. The remains of Mrs. Ragan were interred at Calvary church yesterday.

Doll Bazaar.

The local chapter D. A. R. are making many preparations for their doll bazaar and oyster supper to be held on the afternoon and evening of November 30th. While there will be other attractions in the way of a fish pond, candy booth, etc., the main features will be the beautiful display of dolls and the tempting manner in which oysters will be served.

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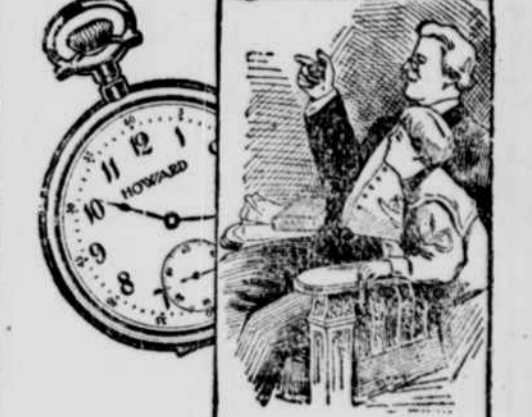
A familiar burden in every home, The burden of a "bad back." A lame, a weak or an aching back Tells you of kidney ills. Doan's Kidney Pills will cure you. Here is Sumter testimony to prove it:

C. H. James, 17 Dingle, St., Sumter, S. C., says: "I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as I have used them with great benefit. I had kidney trouble for some time. The kidney secretions were highly colored, contained a sediment and I could not retain them. I suffered from backaches and sharp pains in my loins, could not rest well and in the morning my back was so lame and sore that I could hardly dress myself. If I straightened quickly, sharp, darting pains shot through my back. A friend finally told me about Doan's Kidney Pills and I procured a box at China's drug store. They helped me in every way and I have not had any backache since, the kidney secretions are clear and I feel better than I have in months. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills to be an excellent remedy."

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No. 6.



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